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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1898. Vol. I. No. 2.

chie Gunn in his Studio.

Striking Photos by he leading Photog- raphers.

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"Chrissie Latelle, Soubrette.

Many Fine Drawings by the Bes American Artists.

Pretty Women.

Broadway Silhouettes

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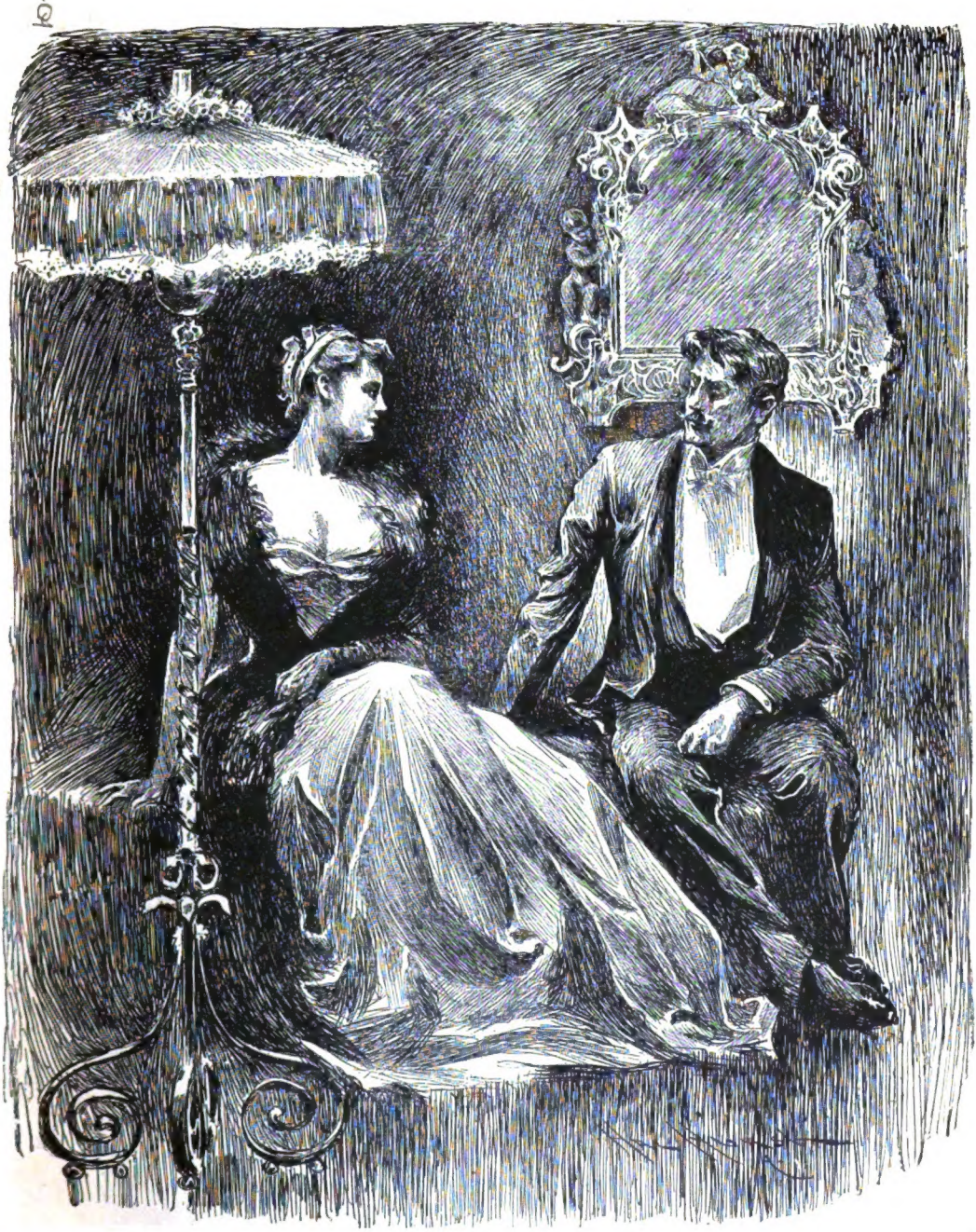

From Pen and Ink Drawing by Hal Hursh.

NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA.

He—I tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration. I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes, and what do you admire in me?"

She—Your good taste.

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Photo by R. H. Schacht, Boston.

THE LAST PICTURE OF MISS MARIE STUDHOLME TAKEN IN AMERICA.

Miss Studholme is the exceedingly pretty English girl belonging to the George Edwardes forces, who came to this country two or three years ago in one of Charles Frohman's productions of a London success. More recently she was here with "In Town," which did not come within many miles of exciting us to any great extent. There was, no doubt, however, that many members of the organization were decidedly pretty. Miss Studholme was unquestionably the prettiest of the lot. Miss Studholme is a Mrs., by the way. Her husband is also an English player, and one of those poor devils who is constantly being pointed out as the husband of somebody or other.

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From Wash Drawing by H. C. Sandy.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Fair Cyclist—Is this hill at all dangerous, my lad?

Intelligent Youth—I don't know, mum. P'r'aps it is, an' p'r'aps it ain't; but when you gets to th' bottom, my father's there—just ax him, he'll tell you in a moment, mum, so he will!

THE SAME OLD JOKE.

"No," said young Spooner, "I wasn't really angry when her father drove me from the house, but I will admit that I was put out."

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MISS HELEN DUPONT, ONE OF THE CASINO BEAUTIES.

It is unnecessary for any one to say that Miss Dupont is attractive. This photograph says considerably more than words. After gazing for a moment at its almost lifelike coloring one is prepared to admit that the original must be a woman with considerable virile beauty.

Miss Dupont would resent being called a chorus girl. Therefore, we simply say that she is a member of the Casino forces. We are perfectly willing to allow you to make up your mind as to her exact status in the organization.

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From Pen and Ink Drawing by C. D. Gibson.

SHE WASN'T QUITE SO SURE.

The Man in the Dress Suit—Your husband and I were great chums when we were boys. Hasn't he ever mentioned my name to you?

The Woman with the Frosty Stare—Perhaps so; but then I never did have a memory for details.

SHE KNEW.

The young lady's sister said: "Excuse me," and turned to leave the room, when he felt that he ought to say something, and say it at once.

"Don't go," he said; "we've just been measuring to see which is the taller."

She paused in the doorway, and looked at them both intently.

"You're both about the same height," said she quietly, "but sister is much the redder."

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From Pen and Ink Drawing by H. C. Sandy.

A PICTURE OF A YOUNG WOMAN

and two male friends on the Boulevard—the girl weighs 160. Multiply by ten and you have the number of pounds they think she weighs.

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A PICTURE OF MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SELDOM SEEN.

Our only excuse for publishing this picture lies in the fact that we like to gaze at pretty women, and believe that others like the same thing. We admire Miss Russell. We admire any woman who, for any number of years, has posed at any and at all times, in any and all costumes, and always to the best possible advantage. Miss Russell's photographs would form a chain of beauty from New York to somewhere and back again.

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS FANNIE BLOODGOOD LOOKING OUT UPON A VERY WICKED WORLD.

Miss Bloodgood, as you perhaps will be able to guess after a casual glance at the picture, can dance. There are several other things she can do, but dancing, we believe, is really her long suit. She does'nt always have her pictures taken this way, nor does she always consider it necessary to place the fourth finger of her right hand under the point of her chin. Miss Bloodgood is in private life Mrs. Wilson, wife of the German comedian of that name.

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MARIE VALLEAU, ONE OF THE STUNNING BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Miss Valleau, photographically or otherwise, is her own best champion. Just take one more fond look at this reproduction from one of Miss Valleau's latest photographs, and we defy you to deny that she is one of the stunning beauties of the stage. Miss Valleau is a Southern girl, and always nice enough to look upon, whether dressed in stage clothes or the less picturesque garb of the street.

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS EUNICE HILL, WHO SMILES, AND SMILES, AND SMILES AGAIN.

We don't mention the smile because we have any particular objection to it. The smile is there, and we simply cannot help noticing it. However, Miss Hill's smile is not the only thing worth noting. One foot seems to be pointing at the other and to wear an expression almost human. Miss Hill fails to explain.

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS EDITH ST. CLAIRE, WHO LOVES TO DANCE ON HER TOES.

It would be foolish to say that Miss St. Claire does not occasionally assume some other attitude. This picture, however, shows her exactly as she was during at least a part of the time she spent on a recent visit to the photograph gallery. Miss St. Claire evidently believes that she possesses a mighty pretty hand. At any rate, she is bestowing on it all the admiration of her ardent nature. We might add that she can stand almost as well on her hands as she can on her toes.

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS ADELINE MANN IN A POSE THAT SUGGESTS AIRY FLIPPANCY.

Miss Mann was born a society girl, but she developed into an actress—a process of evolution not sufficiently unfamiliar to be surprising. We are not prepared to state just what is in that glass. It is probably wine of the expensive kind usually used when the chorus trips out on the prima donna's wedding morn and sings "We Love the Rosy, Rosy Wine."

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Nell—Mr. Sillicus is only an apology for a man.

Belle—Well, wouldn't you accept an apology if it was offered?

Find the Man Who Has Been Kissed.

HIS ARGUMENT.

"Yes," said the politician, "I said I was the working man's friend."

"But you don't do any work," suggested the man with calloused hands.

"No—not at present."

"And you never did any work."

"That's true. You see, what the working man most needs is work. And I am too much the working man's friend to run any risk of taking work away from him."

A LEADING QUESTION.

"I am sorry to find," said the Bishop to the dusky potentate, "that you still eat missionaries."

"Well," said the savage, apologetically, "can we find anything better to eat?"

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MRS. ARCHIE GUNN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MR. GUNN.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. 1. MAY, 1898. No. 2

ARCHIE GUNN, ARTIST AND GOOD FELLOW.

BY ONE OF HIS ADMIRERS.

Archie Gunn has certainly put his stamp on extemporaneous newspaper illustrating. He has also done more than any other artist in this country to raise the standard of poster drawing, and in this respect has done work that compares most favorably with the best English examples. There are few artists in this country doing poster designs who can come within a long range of getting the Gunn snap, vigor, and coloring.

TWO OF MR. GUNN'S THEATRICAL SUBJECTS IN HIS STUDIO.

Mr. Gunn is an Englishman, but he is perfectly willing to be called a New Yorker. When he first came to this country, a very few years ago, he went on the "World," then on

MR. GUNN AS A COSTER SINGER.

"Truth," and has finally landed in a position where his services are sought after and where he can reasonably lay claim to a popularity that seems to have all the elements of lasting and satisfying success. Mr. Gunn is a cosmopolite in art as he is in most other things. His versatility is almost astounding. He makes the

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A GUNN MODEL PREPARING FOR A SITTING FOR A BALLET PICTURE.

leap from excellent newspaper work to portraiture and again to poster schemes with an ease and grace thoroughly surprising and unusual.

There are many folk who associate Mr. Gunn with the Gunn ballet girl. This is hardly fair. The artist is, of course, responsible for the very smartest type of ballet girl this country has ever seen, but he does not allow the restrictions of drawing figures in gauzy skirts to retard his progress in other and more ambitious directions.

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A TYPICAL GUNN GIRL.

Mr. Gunn's studio is in the Van Dyke building, on Eighth avenue and Fifty-sixth street, New York, and those who know him well are fond of dropping in on him during the delightful little informal affairs given by Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, and listening to the coster songs which the artist is so fond of singing. Mr. Gunn has sung considerably in public during the past season, and it is probable that if nature had not intended him for an artist he would have been a music hall artist.

The father of Mr. Gunn, by the way, was one of the well-known English artists of his day, and the son has many fine specimens of his parent's work to show to the favored few. Mrs. Gunn, *mere*, is a splendid musician, at one time being a popular pianiste in English musical circles.

MR. GUNN AND HIS MOTHER.

Mr. Gunn is as much of an athlete as he is an artist. He has all the Englishman's love of cricket, and during the season often lays aside his palette for the bat.

Mr. Gunn was recently married to a beautiful young New York woman, whose picture prefaces this little estimate of Archie Gunn, artist and good fellow.

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MISS GERTRUDE RIVERS, WHO CERTAINLY HAS MIGHTY PRETTY HAIR.

Miss Rivers is an attractive young woman, although, perhaps, not so alluringly seductive as to draw a hermit out of his cell. She is decidedly a woman who knows how to pose. To be sure, she has been aided in the picture shown herewith by the deft hand of the photographer, who, with the artifices of a craftsman at his command, has brought out those points which can stand elaboration.

Miss Rivers is also young. Of course, there are others who are equally youthful, but we simply remark that she is young with the knowledge that we are telling the truth. The truth is always beautiful.

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MISS MAE BRADLEY, A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN OF THE STAGE.

Miss Bradley does not pretend to be an American Duse. She is simply conscious of the fact that nature has been kindly disposed in her case, and is satisfied with the charms which are hers by right of birth. We can vouch for the fact that she does not know her Shakespeare backwards, or frontwards, for that matter, but she can tell you a thing or two about the brightness of the footlights.

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MISS EDWARDY CARESSING A PHOTOGRAPHER'S CUSHION.

GEROME EDWARDY, A TYPICAL BROADWAY GIRL.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HER.

She was christened Gerome. She is small, petite, dainty, decidedly and unmistakably Yankee, and, above all, just a girl.

Miss Edwardy's eyes are not her least charm. They are innocent eyes, very. They gaze at you with all the ingenuousness of a child, droop sufficiently when you return the glance with too much ardor, and I have even seen a tear-drop tremble on the tips of her long dark eyelashes—which you will admit is quite remarkable coming from a Broadway girl.

Miss Edwardy is as necessary to Broadway

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS EDWARDY, A SMILE AND A FEATHER.

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS EDWARDY THINKING DEEPLY.

as Broadway is necessary to Miss Edwardy. She delights in its sunshine, warmth and its freedom, and Shanley's and Martin's are as an open book to her.

Of course, you will guess, if you do not already know, that Miss Edwardy is of the footlights. History does not state when she first made her appearance, and I have spent much time in reconciling the facts that she has been on the stage quite a number of years, and yet still looks and acts almost like a child. Just at present Miss Edwardy is adding to the gayety of nations by appearing in E. E. Rice's production of "Monte Carlo." She is interesting on the stage, to be sure, but I still contend that she scintillates, that she is more alluringly pretty, and altogether more fascinating in every way, when, in her every day clothes and her every day smile, she marches down Broadway from Forty-second street to Twenty-third, leaving havoc in her wake and a sense of desolation in many a manly heart.

Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

MISS EDWARDY IN A FEW DRAPERIES.

Miss Edwardy simply cannot help being pretty. I don't give her the slightest credit for it. She was born that way. She couldn't help it if she tried. All she has to do in order to be attractive is to open her eyes, unseal her lips, show her teeth, look like a frightened fawn, and any man who could withstand the volleys those eyes pour forth at the slighest provocation is bullet proof and could withstand the fury of a dozen Maxim guns.

I congratulate Miss Edwardy. I congratulate any girl who can go through life thinking only of the sunshine, of laughter, of gayety, and of Broadway. And if ever there comes a time when Broadway, in the fullness of its own importance, thinks it can get along without Miss Edwardy and proceeds to dispense with her services, I shall take to Seventh Avenue and try to forget all about the glory that was.

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MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Do you have any special bent
"No. I don't bicycle."

A FEW SUGGESTIONS BY OUR COMBINATION HORSEAND FASHION EDITOR.

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"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

By Alexander Black

With original illustrations by Carol M. Albright.

"Come in!"

You go in. Possibly it is the twilight-time of the day, when you are quite certain that the brushes have been laid aside, and when the studio will be in the hazy hush of the ruminative hour; when the dim corners of the room are dimmest, and the copy from Rembrandt or Hals is seen only in the faint yellow high-lights of the face; when the cast on the shelf glimmers like a ghost just below the blade of a rusty sword, and the shaded recess beyond the fire-place is as black as the entrance to a cavern.

The artist is sitting before a canvas that stands where the most favorable light fell before the sun had gone. If the artist be a man, he probably is smoking a gray-yellow-brown-bluish sort of pipe. If the artist be a woman, as in the case of the author of these studies by Miss Carol Albright, she probably is illustrating that feminine superiority which can ruminate in the twilight without tobacco.

"Ah!" you say, tritely, "the portrait of a lady."

You can scarcely see her in the gathering darkness, but in such a light the canvas looms large and indistinct, and suggests an infinitude of reflections which might scarcely have been aroused by the more literal revelations of a fuller illumination.

"Yes," says the artist, still only half aroused from the interrupted reverie, "third sitting."

If you are on sufficiently friendly terms you take a chair opposite the picture and become a partner in the artist's ruminations, letting the twilight have its way, and the Rembrandt fade, and the ghostly cast take on a supernatural frown. You study the unfinished face and strive to read in the halted translation the original story that lies behind. Who that has watched the work of the patient painter, or the delineator of the current types of character, has not felt the charm of this half-finished stage? "To be continued." You are piqued by that which is yet to be said, and by those prophecies of the

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

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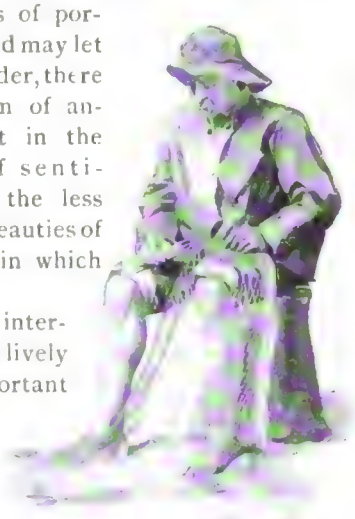
brush which tell but half of the secret. The living face is growing here before you in a fitful development, here glowing with reality, here whimsically vague.

If you do not find yourself in sympathy with the face, you find it hard, perhaps, to get into sympathy with the work of the artist. Faithfulness to a disagreeable truth has not the superficial charm of faithfulness to truth that pleases. If you do like the face, so much, it may be, that you find yourself impulsively exclaiming, "What a charming woman!" it is not a difficult thing to accept the methods by which the face is brought to you.

A STUDY

A LADY IN WHITE

"Portrait of a Lady." It is an eternal theme, calling out the best there is in the artist, the best that there is in art. And when the artist is freed from the inhibitions of portraiture and may let fancy wander, there is a charm of another sort in the touches of sentiment, in the less rigorous beauties of this work in which femininity is interpreted by untrammeled fancy.



MENDING HIS NET

One thing becomes interestingly apparent in this interpretation of femininity—art of this sort must include a lively degree of ingenuity in the disposition of that important subject of clothes. The idealist who essays classical robes has one problem. The painter of contemporary gowns has another. Yet I fancy that the author of some new "Sartor Resartus" will find a new clothes-philosophy, which shall

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explain not only why woman always manages to be charming in the most diverse of unclassical robes, but why art somehow finds it not so difficult, after all, to make the compromise between artistic verities and the dressmaker.

That Miss Albright is not restricted, however, to portraiture, nor to the depiction of even the most engaging of figure-subjects, is apparent from the bright and interesting sketch below of the ancient moat which makes so attractive a feature of that favorite resort of the Paris art-students,—Crecy-en-Brie. The sketch attracts you not only as a drawing, but as showing how peace and the people have appropriated, and changed from its original aspect, this relic and reminder of feudal days and distresses in France.

DAY-DREAMS

But the dusk has deepened until the face on the canvas has become as faint as a memory. The studio is quite dark. You will accept the need to say "Good-bye," and pick your way down the dim stair with an ineffaceable recollection of the artist's earnest personality, and of the eloquent face in the easel.

ON THE MOAT AT CRECY-EN-BRIE

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MISS CRISSIE CARLISLE LOOKING TOWARD THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

Miss Carlisle is probably looking that way because she was told to do so. That's always the way in a photograph gallery. You go there to have your pictures taken, you pay your money, and then some one, without consulting your wishes, tells you to look at a certain corner of the room, when, perhaps, your inclination would lead your eyes elsewhere. This probably never occurred to Miss Carlisle while she was perched up on that queer looking table, for she looks quite happy and contented through it all.

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POLICY, NOTHING ELSE.

"Did you ever see such a homely man as that one over there?"

"Sir, that is my husband."

"Ah, madam, how true the proverb is that the homeliest men always have the handsomest wives!"

THE USUAL WAY.

She—I wonder what we ought to send them as a wedding present?

He — Oh, something cheap that will look expensive.

CAREFUL.

Charlie—Mamma, mayn't I go out into the street for a bit. The boys say there is a comet to be seen.

Mamma (who knows nothing about astronomy) —Well, yes, but don't go too near.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Cynic—Well, my boy, what are you doing?

Chappie—Thinking.

Cynic—Hi, waiter, ring for an ambulance.

"A ROUND TOWN."

HARD TO TELL.

"Doesn't Mrs. Noowoman strike you as a person of remarkably decided opinions?"

"No. She can't make up her mind, apparently, whether she wants to be a gentleman or a lady."

WHERE IT WENT.

"There's money in Stock Exchange speculation," said the man who is young and enthusiastic.

"Yes," replied his seasoned friend, "I'm sure there is. I have been putting half my salary there for the last four years, and it's there still."

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the milkman's potion
And the grocer grand.

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Photo by Sarony.

MADELINE BOUTON.

Photo by Lee & Kepler.

OLIVE MAY.

Photo by Sarony.

GOLDIE ANDREWS.

Photo by Schloss.

DELLA SANFORD.

FOUR PICTURES WORTH A GLANCE OR TWO.

These four young women are not as prominent as a few others we could mention. As a matter of fact, not one of them has ever set afire any of the rivers in their immediate neighborhood. They are, however, all adepts in the gentle art of posing effectively before the camera. Each has her own especial style, and each of them would rather have her picture taken than become Queen of the Holland Dames to succeed Miss Lavinia Dempsey, who would not, however, exchange places with all of them in exchange for all the beauty they could offer.

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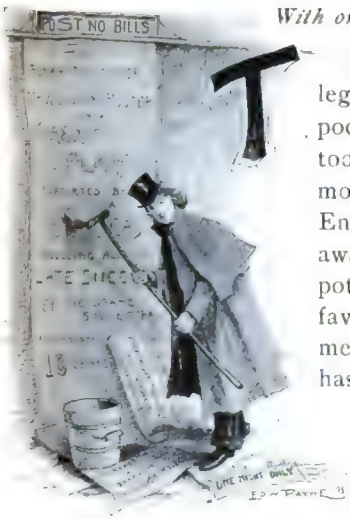
BARNSTORMERS

By Edward Payne

With original illustrations by the author.



THE LEADING MAN

THE Knowall Dramatic Company was clearly on its last legs. We had been suffering from a severe attack of poor business for a month, and as the manager's face took on a sort of desperate expression the fact became more and more clear to us. The part of northern New England that leaves the White Mountains and stretches away toward the Atlantic, familiarly known as "the potato region," is rather uninviting under the most favorable circumstances; but to homesick, weary mummers, who each day come one step nearer dissolution, it has peculiarly unpleasant features.

It had become necessary to leave portions of our wardrobe at each hostelry we visited, and so the costume-plays had all been cut from our repertoire. The brass band had been reduced to four pieces, as several instruments had figured in forced sales; and the leading man was obliged to go on ahead after each performance, bill the next town, meet the company at the depot, play solo alto in the band for the street-parade, and at night give a strong performance of *Joe Morgan* in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." That this unwonted exercise was beginning to tell on him, we could see, for every night he seemed to surpass his previous efforts in the de-

VISIONS OF MANAGERIAL OFFERS

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lirium-tremens scene. He was a good fellow, and we all felt worried about him.

The leading lady was growing very despondent. She had come from a quiet village, and she used to say that the faces of her dear old relatives haunted her more and more. She was a graduate of a school of acting, and had hoped for better things than these. The heavy man was also solo trombone in the band, and

"THE LEADING LADY HAD COME FROM A QUIET VILLAGE"

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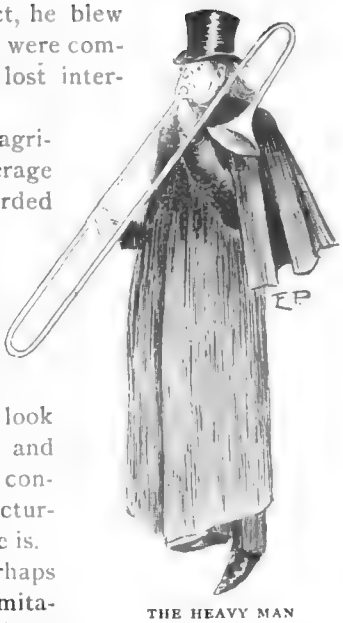
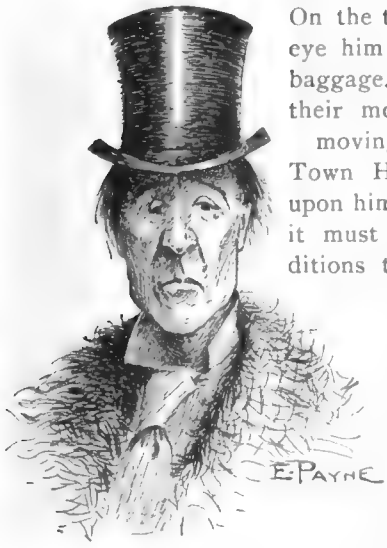
played with renewed desperation each day,—in fact, he blew so much wrath into the instrument that the rest of us were completely drowned; but it was just as well, for we had lost interest in musical matters.



THE HEAVY MAN

The trials of an actor who takes his art to the agricultural regions are practically unknown to the average theater-goer. To begin with, the Thespian is regarded with distrust in the provinces. On the trains the conductors eye him keenly and weigh his baggage. The truckmen want their money in advance for moving his trunk to the Town Hall, the inn-keepers look upon him as a natural enemy, and it must be these unpleasant conditions that make him the picturesque character that he is.



THE MANAGER

He seldom, perhaps never, realizes his limitations, and produces "Jim the Penman" as cheerfully as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His confidence in himself is beautiful to see, and he regards it as only a question of time when he shall make a hit and "walk on velvet" for the remainder of his days. And yet with all his vanities he is generous to a fault, tender-hearted, ever ready to help an unfortunate of any description, and altogether a good fellow to meet.

The female portion of these traveling companies has nearly always been misrepresented. The soubrette is usually described as being the mother of the first old man, but she is frequently a very pretty little girl who lives among visions of managerial offers and sooner or later finds her way to a metropolitan engagement.

The soubrette in the Knowall Company was the soul of the whole party. Her merry smile was the balm of all our discouragements, and she was as much a favorite with this little band of wanderers as with her rural audiences.

There is something humorous about a small audience in a country theater. It

THE SOUBRETTE AND HER RURAL ADMIRERS.

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From Wash Drawing by Oscar Wilson.

"THE OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON."

At least, that's what Oscar Wilson calls this picture of the yawning young woman in a jockey's suit. We don't expect you to believe that she is really going to win on Ahthere at seventy-nine to one. We don't, in fact, expect you to believe anything at all. However, if you really want to know anything more about this picture please address Mr. Wilson, care this office. If he cannot tell you, who can?

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BROADWAY SILHOUETTES.

BY HOFFMAN AULIC.

CHAS. E. EVANS.

Charles E. Evans and I. McCorker are synonymous. The tall, lithe, youngish-looking man you have seen coming out of the Herald Square Theatre is Evans. He is a clear-cut and altogether sprightly appearing gentleman, and does not look as if he would allow many of the right kind of opportunities to get past him. Mr. Evans made a lot of money with "The Parlor Match," beside doing a very good piece of acting as I. McCorker, book agent. He goes out again next season in a new piece, and here's betting that he wins out.

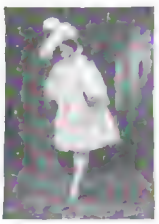
Clyde Fitch is considerably more than an aesthete, notwithstanding the efforts of the daily newspaper paragraphers to compel him to wear the wreath. Mr. Fitch, as a matter of fact, is a pretty sensible young man who, since he wrote "Beau Brummel" at twenty-three, has been a busy worker in the line of stagecraft. "The Moth and the Flame," Fitch's latest piece to see the light of day in New York, is generally pronounced by the critics to be worth more than passing notice, and to be quite as good in places as anything Pinero has ever done.

CLYDE FITCH.

JESSIE WOOD.

Jessie Wood is an energetic and successful young newspaper worker, and about the only woman on the New York press who has managed to put so much virility into her jottings as to make them eminently readable to men. A woman who can accomplish this must be out of the ordinary run. Miss Wood is. Her critiques in the "Evening Journal" are amusing and her drawings show the touch of true caricature.

W. A. MC CONNELL.

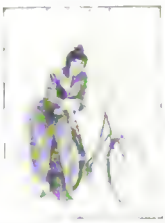


NORA SARONY.

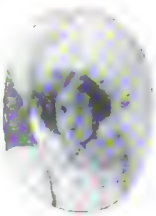
Will A. McConnell has been in Europe for some weeks. This means that Broadway has been more than ordinarily placid Wherever Mr. McConnell is, there you will find bustle, hustle and probably noise. Mr. McConnell is a unique figure in the theatrical world and has the satisfaction of knowing that those who know him best trust him most. Read this last statement all over again and then try to think of the names of a dozen other men about whom the same could be truthfully written. I'll wager you stop before you get to five.

I. MC CORKER, ESQ.

Poor Deyo! Teddie Marks told her to go to Europe, said she would catch the town and would be the sensation of the season. She went. But she didn't cause very many sensations, and she made up her mind that Mr. Marks had been dreaming. She now believes that New York is a very nice place during the four seasons of the year. Deyo is a remarkably pretty little woman with a baby face and two lively feet. She really dances very nicely and makes a stunning picture as she pirouttes to the tinkle of the orchestra, but London couldn't see her with the naked eye, and, in my opinion, showed exceedingly bad taste in that respect.



OLGA NETHERSOLE.



DEYO.

Of course, it goes without saying that Olga Nethersole does not ride on Broadway in this garb during these pleasant spring days. The fact that Miss Nethersole is in England shows how foolish such a contention would be. When she was on this side, however, she rode in this costume and

W. D MANN.

JESSIE MILLWARD.

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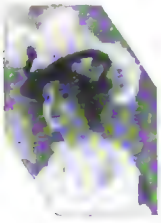
Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

managed to attract considerable attention wherever she went. The English actress is a wheel enthusiast and she and brother Louis go out much together.

NELLIE LYNCH.

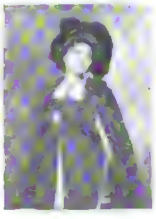
W. D. Mann, the theatrical manager and partner of Charles Evans, looks like a sensible sort and so he is. The mere fact that he is said to be one of the fine looking men of Broadway does not serve to take away one jot of his good sense. Mr. Mann was the manager of the late William Hoey, when that funny man was starring, and for three or four years has been interested in the Herald Square Theatre property.

Jessie Millward will soon be with us. She is the English actress who has been engaged by Charles Frohman to take the place of Viola Allen as leading lady of the Empire Theatre Stock Company. Miss Millward is no stranger to New York, as she was here some years ago with the late William Terriss, and was playing with that actor at the time of the terrible occurance which ended his life so foully in London some months ago.



MABEL GILLMAN.

Mabel Gillman is pretty—you can't deny that. She also has fine shoulders. That also is evident from the manner in which she has had her picture taken. Miss Gillman is also partial to big hats and a wistful expression. There are, no doubt, many other things for which she has a high regard, but I cannot discern what they are from a casual study of this photograph. By the way, I wish to add that Miss Gillman rarely walks down Broadway dressed just like this.



ELIZABETH GARTH

Nellie Lynch dances. Perhaps you are able to glean as much yourself from the pose she assumes in this picture. Miss Lynch has been one of the bright particular hits in "Jack and the Beanstalk," and has stood so often on the tips of her toes that she would rather rest herself in that manner than in any other way. Miss Lynch loves the Broadway sunshine. The Broadway sunshine returns the compliment, and there you are.

Elizabeth Garth is playing in "The Royal Box," the piece in which Charles Coghlan has been starring. Miss Garth loves the sentimentally touching roles. She would rather shed tears than ride on a circus wagon any day, and—just note her pose in the illustration.

Carrie Behr affects trousers and cravats. She doesn't look so badly in them, either. She doesn't wear them at picnics or baseball games, of course, but she dons them sufficiently often to become an adept at adjusting suspenders and buttoning shirt fronts.

CARRIE BEHR.

TOO DEAR.

You called me once your dearest dear
With emphasis extensive:
As now the words fall on my ear
They sound like "blanked expensive."

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A SURE SIGN.

"I am very much afraid that Van Daub is never going to shine as a painter."

"Why?"

"None of his brother artists have any but the kindest things to say about him. They don't seem to be a bit envious."

HALFPENNY JOURNALISM.

Sub-Editor—News is very tame this morning. Not a line for the posters.

Editor—Who's dead?

Sub-Editor—No one of note. An old lady in my neighborhood died suddenly last night.

Editor—What more d'you want? Head it "Mysterious Death," and hint at a murder; make it a double column, and give strong head-lines.

Sub-Editor—But she died of influenza!

Editor—You can mention that the relatives attributed death to influenza. That's fair enough; but make it understood that you know better. Get a contradiction of the report ready for the second edition, and let me have proofs in ten minutes.

A PECULIAR MAN.

"Don't you think my father is an exceptionally modest man?"

"Yes, indeed. I never heard him claim that his rheumatism was the worst on record."

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Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS DE GREY TRYING TO IMPRESS SOMETHING ON SOMEBODY.

THE "PASSION DANCER" ON BROADWAY.

BY ELMER BARTON.

IS not in the province of the writer to tell why it is called the "Passion Dance." However, it has been advertised as such, and the press agent has waxed eloquent in twisting the morsel around his tongue while pouring out his burning press notices on a typewriter.

When the Trilby craze was at its height, a young girl who was singing in the vaudeville houses took off her shoes and stockings one night, went out and did what she called a Trilby dance, and made such a hit that she has been doing it ever since. Strange to say, however, she never reached Broadway, although managers of the cheaper theatres were glad enough to engage her services, pay her a good salary and advertise her as something unique, attractive and satisfying.

Some weeks ago when E. E. Rice was looking around for specialties to be sandwiched in between layers of "Monte Carlo" he heard of Miss De Grey. He wasn't particularly impressed by the fact that she was a barefoot dancer. Then he thought of the "Passion Dance." He doesn't know why he thought of it. He just simply thought. It sounded well, would look nicely in print, and that settled it with Mr. Rice. He explained his idea to Miss De Grey, who was candid enough to admit that she didn't care what he called her dance so long as she got the engagement; and so she went on in "Monte Carlo," and immediately the New York papers took her up as if she were something entirely new; discussed

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Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MISS DE GREY IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE DOING HER BAREFOOT OR "PASSION DANCE."

This picture is a Snap-shot and the Exposure Was Less Than One-Two-Hundredth Part of a Second.

her seriously, ethically and facetiously. But they discussed her, and that was enough to show Miss De Grey and her manager that there was something in a name after all.

Be it said to Miss De Grey's everlasting credit that her dance has nothing of the suggestive in it.

It is a light, pretty and airy perform-

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MISS DE GREY WITH BOTH FEET ON THE FLOOR.

MISS DE GREY GAZING RAPTLY AT THE CEILING.

ance without any of the vulgarisms which one might expect in an effort of this kind.

During the dance Miss De Grey's legs are bare clear up to the knees. Notwithstanding this fact, I have yet to hear one word of condemnation or acrid criticism from any of those who have seen this so-called "Passion Dance." I am not willing to admit that it is designed especially for entertainments at old ladies' homes, but it is so much daintier than many of the things you find at almost any of the Broadway theatres that it is worthy of some attention.

AN ARTIST, SOME PAPER, A PEN AND A LOT OF INK.

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FAR FROM "THE DAY'S BEGINNING"*

By Owen Risque.

Illustrated from life.

AT THE DOORWAY.

She stood quite still at the doorway. Her face wore a child-like impassiveness, but her hands fingered the long cloak nervously, and when she spoke her voice was hesitant. "You paint the Japanese?" she asked.

Varick was leaning round his easel looking at her. She was not a professional model. He turned back to the blue-eyed girl on his canvas. There were other blue-eyed girls on the walls, quick, tantalizing faces that still fell short of what he had attempted. The little figure at the door had appeared before him like a restful thought. He called her in. She stooped to get a bundle and then paused. "I stand quiet. You pay me?" she asked again.

"Surely," said Varick. "You have never posed before?"

She did not understand that, and fell to unpacking her bundle. "Dresses," she explained briefly. "For pictures. This cloak prettiest. It not mine — theatre. I not wear it; I put it on in hall. All dresses theatre." Then, throwing off her cloak, she touched her plain, dark kimona. "This mine," she said. "What you like for picture?"

"Cloak pretty," said Varick, dropping unconsciously into her direct wording, "and this dress. You come from theatre?"

"No; Japanese in theatre my friends." She looked about at Varick's pictures a little uneasily. "One man he paint Japanese," she said. "I look for him. Not find him. You not paint Japanese?"

"I like try to paint Japanese," Varick answered. "Here place to dress."

It was after an oriental pause that she came out. Varick had made all his preparations twice.

"A LADY WALKING IN JAPAN."

* A literal translation of the word Japan.

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"I MEET LADY."

"I lady walking. In Japan," she said. "You like me? Now I meet lady. Bow. You like me?"

"Stand just so," cried Varick, and began to work. But her unaccustomed head grew tired, and soon she looked up.

"Lady not bow so long," she suggested, and Varick caught a familiar baffling gleam in her sleepy eyes.

"Rest a minute," he said.

She drew a cushion onto the floor and settled herself. But she picked up a scarf, and holding it between her hands, she said, "I lady sewing. Lady sew longer than bow. You like me?"

"I like you," echoed Varick, with boyish gallantry that surprised him, coming fresh and genuine from he knew not where.

She rose quickly and crossed the room. She was such a restless little chameleon under her Eastern calm. As she came back, carrying Varick's Japanese tray, he noticed that her child face was almost haughty. "I lady bringing tea to my husband's friend," she said. "My husband like lady bringing tea."

"Your—husband?" said Varick, slowly.

"Yes. My husband. He paint too. He paint all at once. In store window. Quick. Not like you. He look at nobody to see how. He know."

"And he sends you out to pose?" Varick asked, sharply. "Stand quiet, somebody pay,' he added, to be understood.

"My husband sick," she answered, simply. "He not know. He not miss me. We no money."

"A—h!" said Varick. "You do all this alone. You not afraid?"

"No," she answered, almost with surprise, "not afraid. I go to my husband now. He need me. I come back to-morrow. To-morrow too late?"

"No, indeed," Varick assured, kindly, "not too late. Come back often. I paint slow. Take many days to paint picture. But your husband—when he get well, he like it?"

"We poor. I tell him you good," she answered, confidently. "Not nice in Japan. Nice in America."

"LADY SEW LONGER THAN BOW."

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Copyright, 1898, by E. Chickering, Boston.

LOUISE WILLIS HEPNER AND ARLINE CRATER, IN "THE BALLET GIRL,"

The mosaic of fun, jingle and nonsense which Mr. Rice has been putting on view throughout the country.

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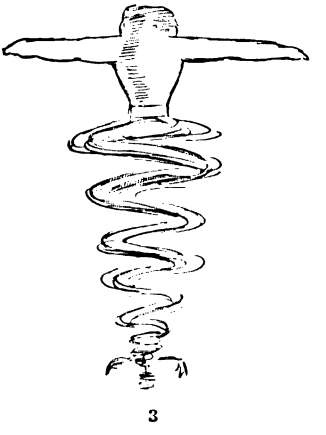
THE EVOLUTION OF A BALLET GIRL.



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FOR HE LOVED HER MADLY.

The Fool—Ah, Madame, I lof you to dees-traction. I would die for you.

The Woman — Don't be a fool, Baron. Dead noblemen are useless. Live ones amuse me. Please don' die.

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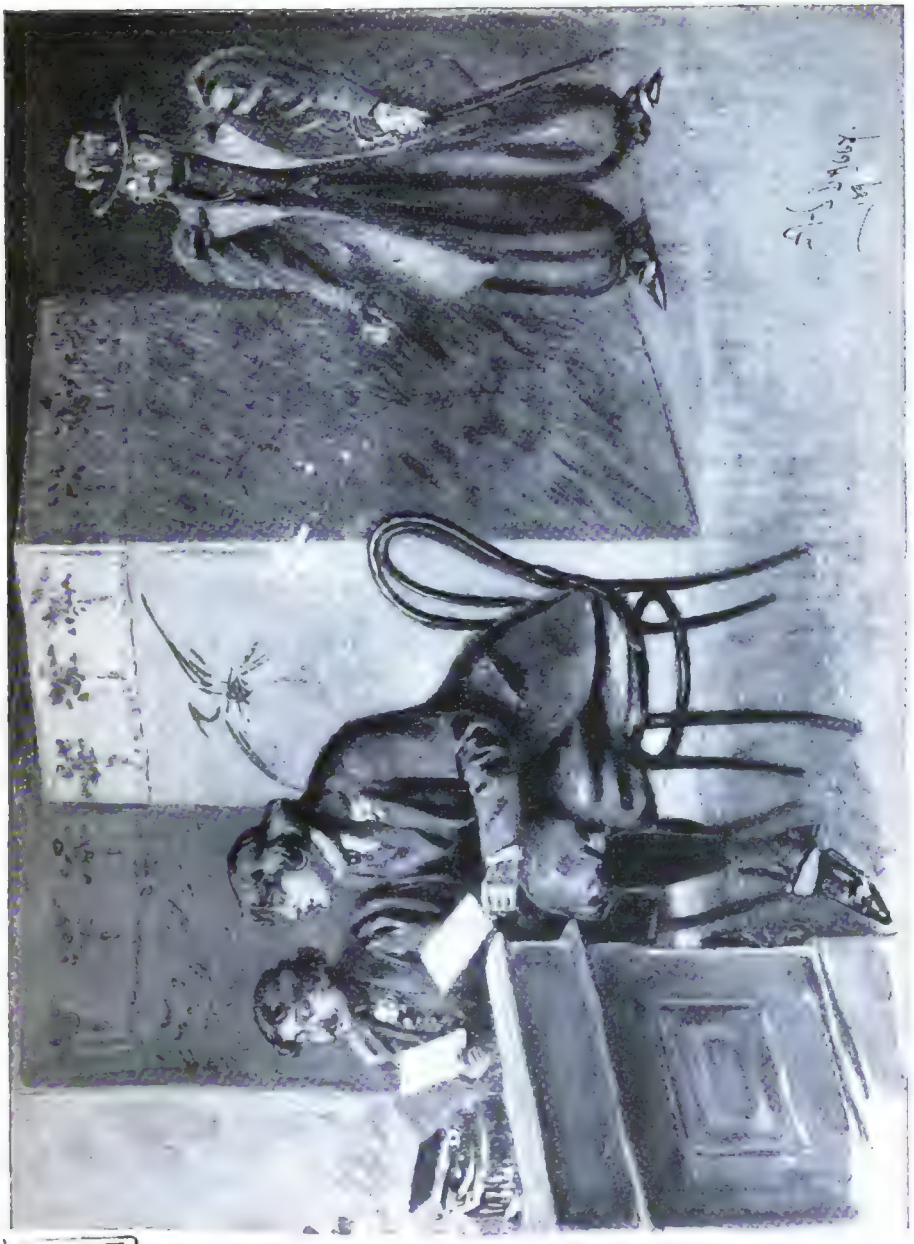

A TRAGEDY OF THE FUTURE.

The husband (behind the screen)—That type-writer boy is altogether too pretty. I will make Bella discharge him.

TOO LATE.

IF Galileo had only stood his judges a champagne supper, he might have easily convinced them that the world went round—and round, and round, and round.

NASTY THING.

"My face is my fortune," she said.

"It's a pity your feet were not, my dear," remarked her friend. "You would have such a fine fortune then."

A WATERLOO.

A mailed fist once had a row
With "mein sweet-tempered lieber frau,"
And of the tale this is the gist—
It bowed before the fe-mailed fist.

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From Photo by Naegell, N. Y.

From a Picture of Alan Dale Not Heretofore Published.

ALAN DALE, NEW YORK'S FAMOUS DRAMATIC CRITIC.

There is no signature in the American newspaper world better known than that of Alan Dale, dramatic critic of the "New York Journal."

Only a few years ago Mr. Dale, whose real name is Alfred Cohen, came to this country from England. The public first heard of him from his work as dramatic critic of the "Evening World." His style was so crisp, his satire so cutting, his sentences so nicely turned, that the public, so long used to the old style of criticism, immediately pricked up its ears and welcomed the newcomer with open arms.

When William R. Hearst came from California and moved on Park Row he had his eye on Alan Dale, and finally made him such a flattering offer that he secured his services.

Mr. Dale has written a number of successful novels, and in addition is a pianist of no mean ability.

Alan Dale's copy is probably the queerest known on Park Row. He can write a whole book on one sheet of paper and still have room enough left to make several interesting and pointed comments on the topics of the day.

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TALES OF BROADWAY.

NO. II.—CHRISSIE LATELLE, SOUBRETTE.

BY GORDON PALMER.

She came to New York from an up the State town when she was barely sixteen. Her name was Annie Simmons, and her chief characteristic was the amiable and careless flippancy with which she viewed all things. She could not have been serious under any circumstances. Her snub nose and saucy air would have prevented that.

First she went to work in a Sixth Avenue store. She was not especially capable in any way, and her salary was commensurate with her ability. She managed to make enough to keep body and soul together. She lived at a cheap boarding house on Bank street, and she wrote home religiously twice a week, and told the old folks many surprising things about the big city.

"SHE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN SERIOUS UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. HER SNUB NOSE AND SAUCY AIR PREVENTED THAT."

When she was seventeen she was still flippant and still saucy. She had not been sufficiently attentive to business to attract the attention of the head of her department. She worked simply because she must live, and did not bother herself about details.

One morning she found a copy of "The Dramatic Mirror" in a car. She glanced through it with some interest, as it was different from any paper she had ever seen before. Then her eye rested on this advertisement:

WANTED—Ten shapely and pretty young girls for a new production. Apply stage door Casino, between 10 and 11 Tuesday.

The stage! It was the one ambition of her life. She had a good form—that she knew—for the floorwalker had told her so more than once—and she wasn't quite so sure that she was ugly. She was at the Casino on time. So were fifty others. The manager saw that Annie Simmons was inexperienced, but he also saw that snub nose and that pert air, which even the dry goods counter had not squelched. Miss Simmons was engaged at eighteen dollars a week, and told to report for rehearsal the next day. She immediately went down to the cashier of the hairpin emporium, where she had been working, and handed in her resignation. She went to her hall bedroom to think over the good fortune which had placed an eighteen dollar a week salary within her eight dollar a week grasp. Then she sat down and wrote home. * * * * * * * *

The manager had not made a mistake. Annie Simmons was one of the brisk minor features of "Beautiful, Bad Broadway," the new burlesque. She appeared on the programme as one of the Broadway Brigade of Breezy Beauties, and her name was spelled Chrissie Latelle.

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From Pen and Ink Drawing by C. D. Gibson.

"Is your picture in the Academy a success, Mrs. Bronson?"

"That's what I am wondering. Someone said it was worth the price of admission."

Miss Latelle began to grow a little careless about writing home. About one letter in two weeks was her average. Her mornings, up to eleven or twelve o'clock, were spent in bed—a bed sometimes not reached until long after the lights had been put out at most of the night restaurants. For she had scarcely taken off her makeup on the opening night, ere she received some flowers and a note, and—well, she went to dinner, anyway, and went the next night, too, and soon she grew so familiar with Shanley's and Martin's and the Metropole that she rarely entered without bowing to some one she knew at the other tables. * * *

Miss Latelle now lives in a flat in West Thirty-eighth street, and her companion is one of the very pretty and equally careless members of the same company. She calls herself an actress, while Broadway calls her a soubrette. She still wears tights and a snub nose, and is often seen riding through Herald Square with her body far out of a hansom cab, and bowing right and left to acquaintances. Her hair, instead of being brown, is a sunset red, and there are too many rings on her fingers.

But she smiles and looks happy.

* * * * * *

Chrissie Latelle never writes to the Simmons family any more.

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Four Entirely New Pictures of Miss Adele Ritchie, Who Has Been Appearing in "Suzanne at the Bath," the Latest New York Stage Novelty at Koster & Bial's Music Hall.

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Photo by Stebbings, Paris.

THE PRIZE PICTURE OF CLARISSE MENDIER.

Paris is famous for its fine photographic work. This picture, sent exclusively to the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by its Paris Commissioner, is one of the most notable camera productions of the past year.

It is by Stebbings, a photographer who ranks with Reutlinger and Ogerau and one or two other leaders in French photography. It was entered by M. Stebbings in a recent exhibition of photographs, and it was given first prize by the unanimous vote of the Committee of Awards.

The original of the picture, Clarisse Mendier, is a pretty French woman who earns her living by posing for photographs, which are afterwards put on sale in the shops.

A PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH BY STEBBINGS, PARIS.

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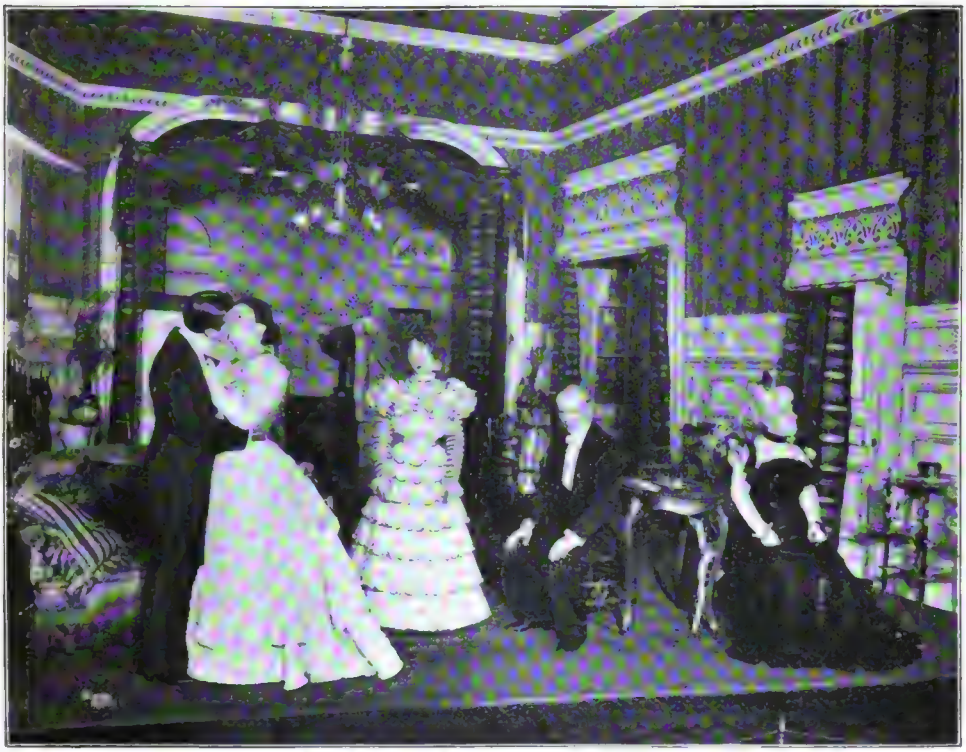

Scene in Act II Note the osculation.

Scene in Act III—Note the lady on the desk.

A PLAY THAT FAILED—"THE OLD COAT," BY LIEUT. ALLERDICE, U. S. N., THAT EXPIRED RECENTLY AT THE BIJOU THEATRE, NEW YORK.

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MLLE. FEDROS AS SHE APPEARS WHEN NOT SITTING DOWN.

A FASCINATING DANCER OF PARIS.

Mlle. Pauline Fedros is not a particularly beautiful woman, yet she manages to attract more than her meed of attention among susceptible Parisians.

Fedros came to Paris about two years ago. She was a native of Alsace-Lorraine, had no particular education, did not appear to be brilliant, nor in any other way did she give evidence of having very much of a future.

She secured a position as costume mender at a Paris theatre. One of the women there, a well-known dancer by the name of Sibel, was particularly good to Fedros, and taught her to dance. The young woman made an apt pupil, and was soon able to do some difficult evolutions in a creditable manner.

One night Sibel was taken ill and could not appear. The manager, while scurrying around to find a substitute for his premiere, encountered Fedros, who coolly informed him that she could go on and do Sibel's dance. He saw that the little girl from Alsace-Lorraine was very much in earnest, and as he had no other dancer, he gave her the opportunity. She went on, and now Mlle. Fedros is one of the well-known dancers of Paris, and can secure more engagements than can her old preceptress, Sibel.

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SOME REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES

By Nym Crinkle

With original illustrations by W. A. C. Pape.

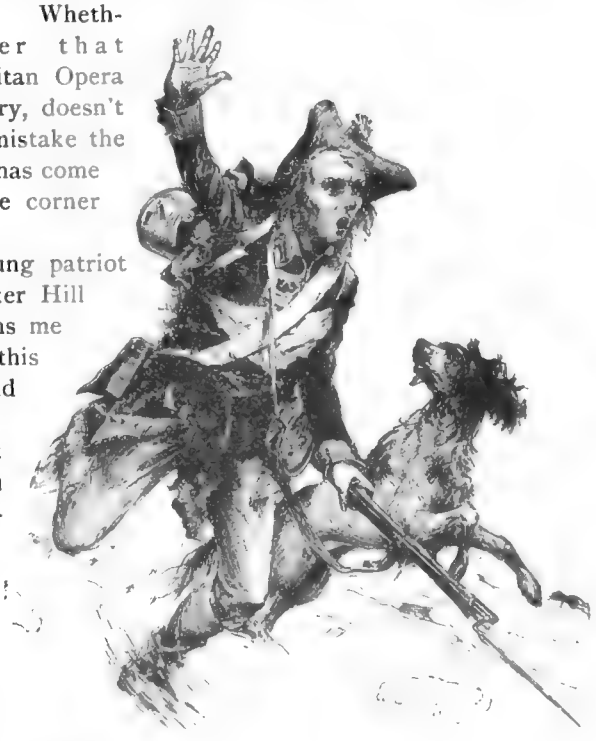
"SHE GIVES A SIDE GLANCE AND LOOKS DOWN, BEWARE! BEWARE!"

I HAVE often treated Pape's sketches like embers; sat dreamily looking into them and making pictures of my own. I think that quality of suggestiveness shows temperament. There is a sketch of a bit of worm-fence in Hamilton County, a mere memorandum, but it has a lot of memories twisted into it like the bitter-sweet, and is lit with old-time flames of sumach; and when I saw it I thought I smelled the rusty wild grape—is there any perfume so delicious?—and was sure a quail was calling on the other side.

Of course this is "association," but it is a great art to summon associations without a roll-call, and feel sure that they will cluster around as the wild blackberry-vines clamber round that old fence.

Whether that lady is in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, or in her own conservatory, doesn't make much difference. You may mistake the place, but hardly the mood, for *he* has come in and she has seen him out of the corner of her eye.

I don't know whether that young patriot is rushing to Bennington or Bunker Hill with his dog. The artist informs me that it is to Trenton; but to me this is of little consequence. I should have written under the picture—"They will get there," and that would have been enough. If you look at that picture you will understand that the country is aroused. There is a fine undertone of the whole county there—a general taking down of muskets, and hasty harnessing, with drums sounding in barns, and far-off cries and confusion. This is something like the sub-tones in a song, that carry you away



LOYAL FRIENDS

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AT CONCORD

while you are pinned down to the words.

In Revolutionary scenes Mr. Pape is always interesting, because he is himself interested. I think he must have had a grandfather who told him the traditions before they were stale. I remember hearing, when I was a boy, an old woman, ninety-four years of age, describing this very scene; and I don't think Pape was alive. All night, she said, she sat at her window and watched the tumult of the patriots tearing to the battle-fields in all kinds of vehicles with all kinds of animals, and in their excitement uttering all kinds of noises.

The best of these "continental" pictures in action and life has a live, romantic, I had almost said theatric, pose as a composition. There is something eerie about one of the horsemen, and both of them appear to be in the air. I do not quite rest in the announcement that they are on their way to Trenton, and prefer to believe that they are coursing the wind, the genii of the times and the excitement, disdaining to touch the earth.

If there should come about in this country one of those revivals such as has recently seized upon Napoleon, and our people should become suddenly and newly

THE RUSH ON TRENTON (FRAGMENT)

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interested in Washington, I hope Pape will be with us, for I think he has that quality, rare in painters as well as in historians, which enables him to transport himself to the atmosphere of other times, and live there awhile; touched on all sides by the conditions of those times.

ON DECEMBER 14, 1893

Most of our clever workers in art and literature are so pressed upon by the present that they have no sensibility for the past. Where shall we find a story-teller who can catch the flavor of the middle ages as Charles Reade caught it in "The Cloister and the Hearth?" Certainly it is not done in "Romola" or "Hypatia," and since those books were written and judged of, nobody has cared to try it. The impatience, the eagerness, the competitions of our day, do not permit either our artists or our writers to sit down among the relics and reconstruct out of the storied dust the precious legends of the past.

I fancy Pape is the sort of man to see the unreaped and yellow harvest behind him, and not be lonesome with an old Queen Anne musket or a hard bed in one of Washington's headquarters.

A MISSION IN WATER STREET

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He can distinguish "one of Marion's boys" from one of old Put's boys. He has given us bits of Bennington and Concord that ought to be preserved along with the spirit that animated the originals. It is worth while to examine these bits and see if you can detect the flavor of Carolina in one and of New Hampshire in another; and, better than that, can discern the spirit that took very little heed of State lines.

Pape selects subjects that have a perspective—I mean an historic perspective. At least there is a free romanticism in his treatment of those subjects that very often disappears in his contemporaneous sketches. Therefore I think he is at his best when his imagination is not hampered by close facts. The two riders on the road to Trenton is like the flight of the Valkyries. The fidelity of the Mission in Water Street is like one of Zola's best descriptions. It has no dramatic unity. Its literalness, its balance, its variety, its accuracy, betokens the transcript of many observations, but do not evince the creative synthesis.

COQUELIN

A composition really ought to tell what you feel, not what you saw. It is not a question of retinas, but of the sense of beauty in the soul; for two men may view the same thing, but one will see it through an inner light that both interprets and adjusts it. For if History is the record of life Art ought to be its interpretation, not its illustration; and every artist properly equipped might well sing with Patmore:

"Thou primal love who grantest wings
And voices to the woodland birds,
Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words."

Really that is what your true artist is always doing; and when he isn't doing it he is a reporter.

When Mr. Pape reported the scene at the Mission in Water Street he was entitled to a special place on the staff of the best daily. He was surprisingly graphic. He caught the boozy tramp in his relaxed moment, and he made the bread distributer an evangelist, as he probably was.

It is the popular notion just now that the more accurately these phases of extraneous and evanescent life are caught the better,—that it is the prime business

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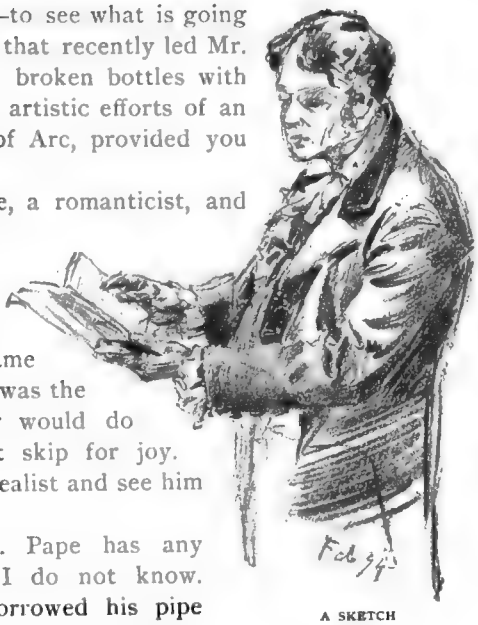
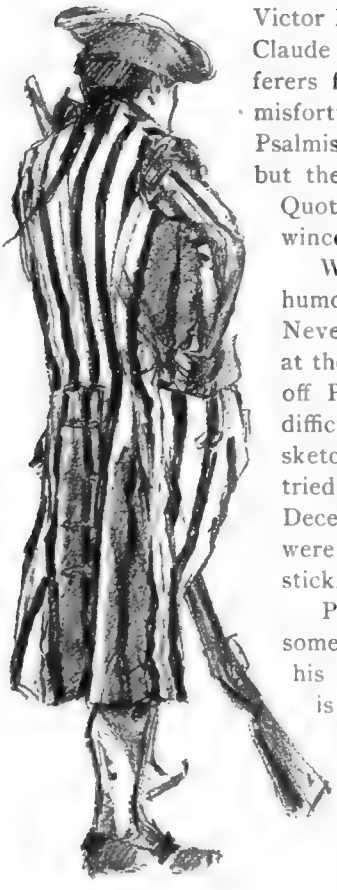
of the painter and the poet to go about—to see what is going on and tell us about it. It is this theory that recently led Mr. George Moore to declare that a pile of broken bottles with the sun shining on it is as worthy of the artistic efforts of an immortal soul as the sacrifice of Joan of Arc, provided you have an accurate eye.

But a truce to this. Pape is, to me, a romanticist, and probably doesn't know it. Let him not be discouraged. Victor Hugo and Claude were sufferers from the same misfortune, and so was the Psalmist. Nothing would do but the hills must skip for joy. Quote that to a realist and see him wince!



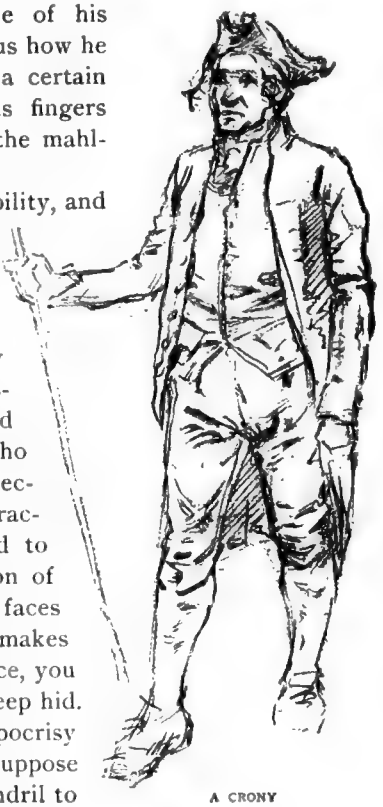
A SKETCH

Whether Mr. Pape has any humor or not, I do not know. Never having borrowed his pipe at the Kit Kat, or been becalmed off Point no Point with him, it is difficult to say. In one of his sketches he has shown us how he tried to keep warm on a certain December day, when his fingers were too numb to hold the mahlstick.



AT LEXINGTON

Pape has a fine sensibility, and sometimes imparts it to his work, even when it is a mere impression. He saw more in Coquelin than any photograph has disclosed, and added it. Those of us who studied Coquelin recognized some characteristics that obeyed Pape's pencil, and refused to yield to the camera. This delicate apprehension of shades of facial meaning, and of secrets that faces carry, but hate to give up, is the best gift. It makes the artist a seer. When he looks you in the face, you feel that he sees something you have tried to keep hid.



A CRONY

He had an inclination to go past the formal hypocrisy of behavior to the essentials of character. I suppose it is as unconscious a gift as the turning of a tendril to

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the light. And after all that is what art is after—to disclose to us what we have agreed to hide.

The Naiad at The Kit Kat is essentially classic. You may easily call these few lines Niobe or Ariadne or Autumn. Artists have a jolly free way of putting titles to sketches of the nude that are like the signatures to newspaper communications, "Junius" and "Veritas" managing to fit almost everything. But the type is there, call it what you please; and, what is of more account, perhaps, nature asserts herself through the economy of lines, acceptably. Of course I do not pretend to know what "At The Kit Kat" means. It may mean something to Mr. Pape, and I dare say it does, but he hasn't managed to convey it. "At the Brink" would have the advantage of an idea and might stimulate the fancy. For myself I insist that the sylph is at the stream and sees her own reflection in it; nothing else could induce that pensive mood.

A PAINTING GIRL

AT THE KIT KAT

In all these sketches there is something caught of character. The merit of the

IN HAMILTON COUNTY

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A SKETCH FOR "THE RUSH ON TRENTON"

catching is in the surety and economy of the means employed. "A Painting Girl" is not a generalization; it is a particular individuality as indelibly traced as a signature on glass. It is the same with that bit of business pedestrianism under which Mr. Pape has written "In the Street"—a vacuity of phrase that doesn't at all fit the individuality of the personage. If I hadn't seen the man coming up Broadway after a bad fall in stocks, perhaps I should never have known how far he had got "into the street."

Take all the sketches together and they are free illustrations of Mr. Pape's skill—first in seeing the essential and then in catching it with the smallest expenditure of force. They are not legendary compositions that proclaim a rounded

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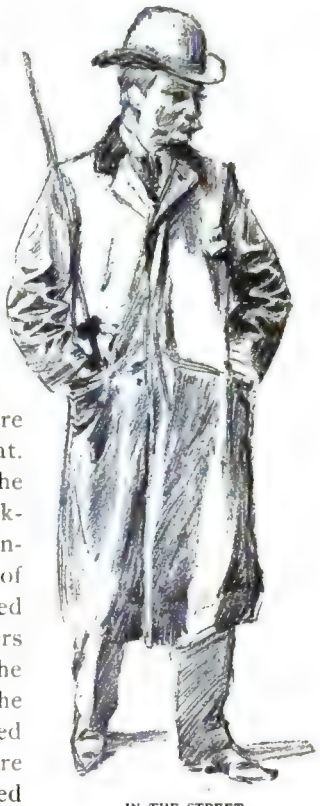
HAVE YOU FOUND IT?

story, but bits of passing life and momentarily flashed character, and viewed in that light become interesting as exhibits of the skill which can either portray the most evanescent denotements or translate the most elemental qualities.

I incline, however, to the Continental sketches as having an added element of imagination; and of these my eye returns oftenest, and with the most lingering interest, to that headlong "rush" to Trenton displayed on page 5. Think again of the time and the story—how, through weary months the American patriots had been defeated in battle, scattered by disaffection and desertion, decimated by starvation and disease. The Hudson, the Hackensack, and the Delaware had one by one been crossed in almost hopeless retreat. Then the calm, undaunted soul of Washington saw that the turning-point had come, and backward the ragged but resolute Continentals flung their gaunt relic of an army upon the fattened Hessians and grenadiers of King George, and the first real step toward the independence of the United States had been taken. There is not only the heaven-called devotion of the "spirit of '76," typified by the great commander himself as he forces his horse to desperate speed, but it is also a picture of the deadly earnest, untiring *American* rush which has been a part of the nation ever since.



IN THE STREET

ONE OF MARION'S BOYS

"A Crony" is very wide of particularization, but the sketch itself is the same Puritan face that is riding on the wind—a face in which the determination of a patriot and the simplicity of a yeoman are curiously commingled, and the whole spirit—the fighting spirit—of our forefathers is subtly and ruggedly hinted at in this exceedingly stirring fragment from the artist's laboratory.

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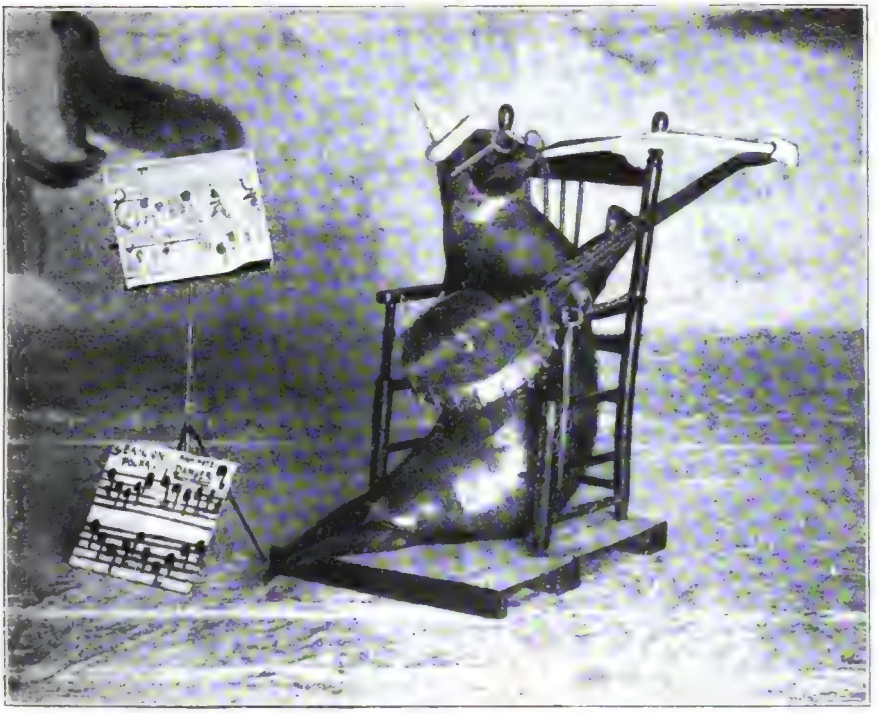

MR. SEAL DOING STUNTS ON THE BANJO.

A DECIDEDLY MUSICAL SEAL.

BY FREDERICK T. PALMER.

EALS, as a rule, are not generally supposed to be possessed of a liking for music, or possessed of a deep and impressive knowledge regarding harps, pianos or French horns. There is one seal, however, now on exhibition in London which prides itself on the facility with which it can thrum a banjo and do other amazing things.

This seal is of the ordinary species, usually found in aquariums and other public show places. Its trainer has had this particular animal in hand for two or three years, and has really brought it up to a high state of cultivation. It takes the banjo, as shown in the above illustration, and plunks away at it with all the energy of a plantation darky, even though the results are not quite as satisfactory from a musical standpoint.

I was privileged to see the rest of the troupe after they had finished work for the day, and were receiving the second part of their supper, the first part being earned on the stage a few minutes previously. I soon discovered that, even after years of captivity, in many instances, they are far from being the meek and harmless animals they look. I put my hand out to one of them, but took it back again very quickly. They are very much afraid of human beings, and resent advances from strangers. The movements of seals in water, as most of us have seen, are very rapid and graceful. On land they are very different. The body is contracted by an upward bending of the spine, and so thrown forward by a series of jerks, and they manage to cover the ground very slowly, indeed.

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MRS. B. L. WINTON, IN HER KLONDYKE COSTUME.

COULDN'T STAND THAT.

George Hardpan—We shall have to be very economical this year, my dear.

Mrs. Hardpan (enthusiastically)—Yes. I intend making my own hats, bonnets and dresses and—"

George (in rapture)—Mary, you are a prize! Yes, a perfect treasure!

Mary (continuing)—And your shirts and collars and cuffs.

George (in abject terror)—Mary, I was only humbugging you. We shall not have to be as economical as all that.

COULD YOU BLAME HIM.

"Madam," observed the man with the shiny hat and kinked trousers, "I have called to remind you that the premium on your husband's insurance is already overdue."

"I don't care if it is," was the irate answer; "I've told my husband to take out a policy in another company."

"Why, madam? Our office——"

"Your office, sir, is a deliberate fraud. My husband's paid your premiums these last seven years, and he isn't dead yet."

Her irritation under the circumstances was obviously reasonable.

READY FOR HIM.

Beggar—Excuse me, sir, but I have seen better days.

Passer-by—So have I. What sort of weather do you expect in June?

AN A. D. 1898 REJECTION.

Mr. Youngman (coldly)—Arise, Mrs. Grasswidow! I can only be a brother to you. Papa has learned that your former husband secured a divorce from you on grounds of non-support.

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MISS SARA MACLAREN, IN A POSE SUGGESTING THE DUCHESS OF SOMETHING OR OTHER.

We are perfectly willing to admit that it is absolutely none of our business. Miss MacLaren has a right to pose this way, but this does not get away from the fact that the whole thing is very un-New Yorky and quite too awfully English. Duchesses and Countesses and things pose like this when they are having pictures taken for the comon people.

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Photo by Schloss, N. Y.

A NEW PICTURE OF MISS MERRI OSBORNE.

It is not so very many years ago since Miss Osborne was unknown to fame. In fact, it is only during the past three seasons that she has come forward with such a hop, skip and a jump as to land her pretty far up, so far as the attention of the public is concerned.

Miss Osborne has a happy knack of selecting costumes for her public appearances that are in some way so bizarre as to create considerable discussion. Miss Osborne really doesn't have to do this, if she only knew it. She is much too clever a little woman to rely on any such extraneous aids as the costumes she has worn in some recent productions.

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Photo by Sarony.

MISS EFFIE SHANNON, IN "THE MOTH AND THE FLAME."

Miss Shannon is the leading lady in the piece by Clyde Fitch which is now running at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. In returning to play at the Lyceum, Miss Shannon went back to the theatre where she had played some years before in ingenue roles.

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FROM "THE MOTH AND THE FLAME."

This is one of the unique scenes in the piece. All the grown folks are dressed in kindergarten clothes, and disport themselves in a manner quite worthy of the pupils at Mrs. Brown's Select School of Music, 'Rithmetic and Knitting.

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ANOTHER SCENE FROM "THE MOTH AND THE FLAME."

This is a scene that always causes amusement amongst the audience. The players of the piece conduct themselves in a quite extraordinary manner. Miss Shannon is shown in the centre of the picture.

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MISS IRENE VERA, ONE OF E. E. RICE'S SYMMETRICAL BEAUTIES.

Miss Vera has beautiful neck and shoulders, as you are probably quite willing to admit. Her chief charm, however, has hitherto been the ease and airy grace with which she has worn the habiliments of the Rice clan. Miss Vera, arrayed in the amplitude of silk and tights of azure hue, to say nothing of various other tints, has for a number of seasons been a feature in the Rice productions. New York really never knew how truly beautiful was the female form divine until Miss Vera sallied forth in "1492," and set the front rows in a tumult. She has kept this up with considerable regularity each season up to the present time. She is now appearing in "The Ballet Girl."

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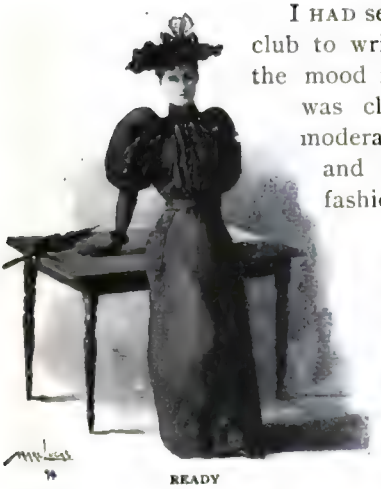
ORIENTAL TRAVEL UNDER PROTEST

By John Kendrick Bangs

With original illustrations by Marc Lucas.



READY

I had seated myself in the cosy little reading-room of the club to write an article on the above title. I was quite in the mood for it. The conditions were favorable, my brain was clear, my digestion unimpaired, my conscience moderately easy, and three huge logs were crackling and hissing on the andirons in the most gossipy fashion.

And then Barclay came in. He's a good fellow, Barclay, but he'll never succeed in this world. He's too conscientious, and what is worse, he wants everybody else to be conscientious too.

"Hullo," said Barclay, as he entered, "what are you doing here?"

"Writing," I replied, "or, rather getting ready to write, an article on 'Travel and Travellers in the Orient.'"

A VOLCANO ON DAMAR ISLAND, NEAR MANILA

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"You?" cried Barclay. "Humph! I didn't know you'd ever travelled in the Far East."

"I haven't," I replied, "but what difference does that make?"

"You don't mean to say that you are going to sit down in cold blood to describe something you've never seen?"

"I don't know why not," I replied.

"It isn't—moral," said Barclay.

"Nonsense," said I. "Personal contact with your subject isn't necessary. There's my friend, Professor Sloane, for instance. Isn't he moral?"

CORNER OF A GARDEN IN A EUROPEAN RESIDENCE, YOKOHAMA

HOMOKU, NEAR YOKOHAMA

"Don't see the point," said Barclay.

"It's there, nevertheless," I retorted. "Professor Sloane never met Napoleon Bonaparte, but he's writing him up just the same."

"Ah, but he has made a special study of Napoleon," Barclay rejoined.

"Well, that's what I'm here for," said I. "I'm making a special study of the Orient, and I'm going to be accurate, if I have to stay here all the

THE RICE, OR "PADDY," FIELDS OF HOMOKU

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A SMALL TEMPLE AT JUNEE TEN, HOMOKU

morning, buried up to my neck in guide-books and cyclopædias. Besides I've got these pictures of Mr. Lucas's to help," I added, spreading the pictures out upon the table before me. "What's the use of travelling all the way to Damar Island to see a volcano, when you can sit here in a comfortable club, and look at a picture of it like that?"

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JUNEE TEN, HOMOKU, JAPAN

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O HANA SAN

Barclay gazed at me scornfully.

"You wouldn't even know how to buy a ticket to Damar Island," he said. "You don't know where it is."

"Possibly not—but the title on the picture says it's near Manila," said I.

"Here's another," said Barclay, picking up a charming print marked "Junee Ten, Homoku." "What is a 'Junee Ten,' and where is Homoku?"

"Give me time and I'll tell you," I replied. "I don't pretend that I am going to write this article off-hand."

A HONG KONG MAN

Here I tapped a bell, and in a moment one of the club servants came into the room. "Get me the volumes of the 'Britannica' under H," I said, and a moment later they were handed to me.

"Now, my boy," said I, "I'll give you some idea as to how one can be an Oriental traveller without leaving home. Let me see, Homoku. H-O—ho—H'm! Well, that is interesting. The book doesn't say a word about the confounded place."

Barclay laughed. "So you're stuck, eh?"

"Not I," I replied. "I am simply liberated. If the book described Homoku,

THE NIL-ADMIRARI BRITISHER IN YOKOHAMA

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A SHOT AT AUSTRALIAN SWANS

I should be limited to what it says. As it is I can say what I please, and only those who have been there will be any the wiser if I get things wrong."

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AN AUSTRALIAN BUSH TYPE

"And the Junee Ten?" he queried.

"That will be left to the imagination," said I. "Truly artistic writers always leave something to the imagination. Then if any reader of the article wants to know more about the Junee Ten he can write and ask."

Then Barclay made a discovery.

"Homoku is near Yokohama," he said, turning over the pictures and reading the titles. "It says so here."

"I had a dim notion that that was the case," said I. "It's a sort of Yokohama Harlem—everything points that way."

"You don't need to say much about the place anyhow," said Barclay, wearily, after a pause. "The pictures tell more than you'll ever know. I would like to be informed what a 'paddy' field is, though," he added.

"So would I," I replied, looking over his shoulder at the picture, "and I'd probably have known by this time if you had let me alone. That's just the point that proves the value of such an article as I meant to write. You'd like to know what a paddy field is, and so would thousands of others. You probably have an idea that there is some Celtic notion involved in a paddy field, but it is clear to me that that isn't so. Those figures are Japanese to the core, and there isn't a suggestion of Irish in the picture, except that Mr. Lucas has made it so real, apparently, that you can almost see the green of the foliage.

"As for the pictures of the Japanese girl and the Hong Kong man and the *nil-admirari* Englishman, they tell their own stories. The Japanese girl is a woman—that's all that need be said of her. What kind of a woman she is no one knows—no one ever does really know what kind of a woman any woman is, so the less said about that the better. The Hong Kong man is merely an incident that needs no comment. All Chinamen look alike, and any story I could write about this particular model would be superfluous, because the reader can make up for himself just as good a one as I can."

"WHAT'S THE DAY OF THE MONTH?"

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THE MARRIAGE OF THE MIDGETS.

BY AMY VALENTINE.

It does seem queer, doesn't it? He's so small, you know—really not much bigger than a good sized doll; and she—well, if it were not for her mature face you could easily expect to see her on her way to school with an apple

Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

FRANZ EBERT, HUSBAND.

in one hand for her teacher and her primer in the other.

But I started to tell you about the marriage of the midgets. Franz Ebert and Elise Lau were members of the Liliputian Company. They fell in love with each other. He proposed, and she accepted.

Franz Ebert is one of the comedians of the company. He is only about thirty inches high, and until the present season has been looked upon as a woman hater. But as you can plainly see, behind his tiny vest beat a heart that, though small, was anything but hardened, and it finally felt the mellowness of affection.

Elise Lau is taller than her husband, although she is considerably smaller than any bride you have ever seen.

Well, they're married anyway. And all the other Liliputians, male and female, look on with envy, for Mr. Ebert, you must know, is one of the highest priced actors in the company, and has the German instinct of frugality. The present Mrs. Ebert, on the other hand, has only good looks to recommend her. Perhaps from your standpoint she isn't beautiful, but you must remember that loveliness of face

Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

ELISE LAU EBERT, WIFE.

is not one of the strong points of the midget race, and so Mrs. Ebert passes with some for a regal beauty.

Long may they live happily, short though they be.

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Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MLLE. ESTRANGE IN ONE OF HER MOST EFFECTIVE PICTURES.

Mlle. Nelli Estrange is one of the classic models of Paris. She is beautiful to a degree, exquisite as to figure, ingenious as to posing, and much sought after by the figure painters of the French capital.

Mlle. Estrange posed last year for the now famous painting, "The Moth and the Flame," by L'Ordiseau, which created so much favorable comment at the last Salon. In "The Moth and the Flame" Mlle. Estrange was shown in diaphanous garb, rushing headlong into a red blaze which signified worldly pleasure.

NELLI ESTRANGE, A FAMOUS PARIS MODEL.

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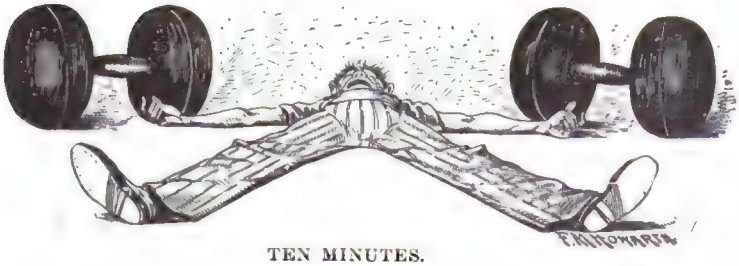
TWO MINUTES.

FIVE MINUTES.



TEN MINUTES.

HOW THE DUMB-BELLS AFFECTED MR. JONES.

DUET.

"Oh! I would be a pirate bold
To win bright gold."

REPARTEE.

"Now, what do you want?" asked the sharp-tempered woman.

"I called to see if I couldn't sell you some bakin' powder, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman with the straggling whiskers.

"Well, you can't sell no bakin' powder here, and I ain't got no time to waste on peddlers, anyway."

"Come to think of it, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman, as he fastened his bag, "I wouldn't care to sell you any powder. This here pokey little kitchen of yours is so low in the ceilin' that the bread wouldn't have no chance to rise."

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ONE ADVANTAGE.

Friend (from town)—Yes, it's a pretty place, but isn't it rather awkward, being an hour away from the station?

Ruralist—Well, even that's an advantage, for it means that visitors are obliged to start away early to catch the train.

TOO TRUE.

"That fellow," and the strong man's voice shook and rattled with deep emotion as he spoke the words that condemned his hated rival, "that man would sink to any depths for wealth."

It was true. His rival was a diver by trade.

POPULAR ACTRESS.

Oh, I don't, don't I? I've had two or three husbands leave me never to return, and I guess I know as much about how to act under these circumstances as anybody.

ALL READY.

He—Are you engaged?

She—No; but ma says I am sure to be before the end of the season.

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A LEGEND OF TO-DAY

By Mary T. Earle.

Illustrated from photographs of Miss Jennie Goldthwaite.

Sometime when all our questions are settled, when our realism and our romance are blended in tradition, a student of the future will turn over the thin tomes of mythology and modern fiction, and say, "How close these mortals followed in the footsteps of the gods."

"She went apart to hear it and to dream."

It happened once in a time of war that two sisters were left together in a wild, hilly borderland where many battles were fought. In their secluded valley they could not see the battles, but the booming of the guns reached them and they came to listen for it as for the voice of a companion. Vertile, the younger sister, pleased herself with fancies about it, and went apart to hear it and to dream. Sometimes she would lie for hours shaded by a spreading tree, wishing that she might take her toy-like sheath of arrows from under her head and go to find the battle. Then the older sister would come calling through the woods and lead her back to work and to play; but above their chatter she always felt the booming of the guns.

Vertile had heard of art and music and great houses where a few people amused many by playing

"She would lie for hours under a spreading tree."

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at life and death and love, but she knew very little of these things, for she had grown to womanhood in the wartime, and everything but life, and death perhaps, was shut away from her by the armies. That was one reason why she wanted to get out where the guns were, they seemed to know all there was to know in the world. But her sister said that when you were near them the guns were fearful, though they did very well so far away; and she made Vertile promise that they would stay together and defend each other if soldiers from the armies came by, though she did not think even stragglers would find their valley.

One day as Vertile lay under her favorite tree, gazing up into the air, she heard a soft footstep near her, and, thinking her sister had come, she stretched up her round, white arms. But the hands that took her hands were strange, and they touched her in a new way. She felt that she understood more of all the things she had never known just by feeling that touch. Yet she drew her hands away and turned to find out who was there. It was a soldier from the armies. He was very tired of the battle, but it rested him to talk of it to someone who was glad to hear. So he told Vertile all about it; and then he found that it rested him still more to tell her how beautiful she was, because she had no idea of that at all, while she did have some rude notion of the war. But as she rested on her elbow and looked at him, she felt sure that she was not as beautiful as he. She thought he must be the greatest general in the armies, though he did not say so, and after he was gone she kept thinking over and over what he had said. It seemed but a moment till she heard footsteps again. When she saw it was not he she was startled, thinking one of the enemy had surprised her. But it was only her sister coming to find her. She had forgotten all about her sister.

It was very dull in the valley after that, and she had to do all sorts of things that did not interest her at all. Sometimes she was so impatient that her sister grew

"SHE FELT SURE SHE WAS NOT AS BEAUTIFUL AS HE."

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"THINKING ONE OF THE ENEMY HAD SURPRISED HER."

angry; she was sorry for that, but how could she help wishing to be left to think of what she had heard? The sound of the guns troubled her, too, because she felt they meant peril for him; and yet they called her, called her, called her, like an echo of his voice. He had told her that women came to the army sometimes to be near those they loved; yet he had said she must not come on account of the danger. When it was all over he would come back to her. But the guns called her, and called her, and called her, till she knew she could have no peace if she stayed, so she stole away and went in the direction that they called. And the strange thing was that just as she was fainting with weariness she found him, and he lifted her up and carried her in his arms, so that in the midst of the battle she was joyously at peace. But she feared so to burden him that after a while she made him put her down to walk beside him; and then the battle swept between them and she could not find him again, though she searched through all the dreadful tumult and the awful things there were to see. At last she was wounded and could only creep to one side and see the battle pass. She was too weak to follow after it, and there seemed nothing to do except to make her way back into the valley.

When she reached the valley she wanted to sink down and rest, but the sister who had always been so gentle was not sorry for her pain and weariness and wounds. She was only angry because Vertile had disobeyed and kept a secret and been hurt. So, without any rest or comfort, Vertile dragged her spent body away from the valley, and where the battle had passed she stretched herself in the trampled grass to wait for death.

Instead of death sleep came and spun a fragile strand on which to thread more days of pain. She sought and sought through all that rugged borderland, but always as she followed the luring of the guns the battle moved aside and she was left alone. She might have perished from the weariness, but after many, many days a child nestled its soft weight against her aching heart. She saw that it had his eyes

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and its weakness gave her strength. She had never thought she could care for a child, but this child was so different, its touch was such a joy! She felt there was very little now which she did not know; she did not care to learn more. She was sure that she would find the soldier now, for it would be wrong if he did not see the child.

"BUT THE GUNS CALLED HER, AND CALLED HER, AND CALLED HER."

Poor little Vertile, whom the ancients called Callisto, whom we call by many names! There was much for her to know. Her sister had turned her away in scorn, but now, across the bloody fields where the battle had been, there came one who was taller, fairer, and more passionate than her sister. The fair woman was looking, looking everywhere among the rocks and trees, and Vertile knew that she was looking for the soldier. Vertile grasped the child to run, but the child cried out, and then the fair woman saw him with his eyes like the soldier's. She snatched him and threw him to the ground. She seized the mother by her long hair and dragged her along the loathsome field. Vertile gave one great cry that was not her own voice; but she did not struggle; she watched the hate in the fair woman's face, and she felt herself grow more and more loathsome in the bale of that hate until she lost all the semblance of youth and loveliness. When

"SHE STRETCHED HERSELF IN THE TRAMPLED GRASS TO WAIT FOR DEATH."

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the fair woman dropped her she tried to rise, but could only shamble low over the ground.

But she could still remember; so she went back along her trail, hunting for the child. It was long, long before she came to him; she had been carried farther away than she knew. She who had feared nothing grew afraid. When the great battle roared in the distance and the guns called her as they had called her in the valley, she felt that all the battle was against her, and a terror of the strong armies seized her, and she would have run from them except that she must keep her face turned toward the child. She even longed to hide from the sun each morning as it rose, burning pure and merciless in the east, because it cast her shadow on the freshened grass; but it was the sun that guided her back. At the sound of a crackling footstep she would have shrunk away in horror lest some creature that looked as she did should come near; but she could not falter, for she knew that the child was stretching out his tiny hands to her and calling—at each step she could hear his wail. When she found him, he would creep close to her and nothing should ever tear them apart. He would see no change in her. She could feel the soft caressing touch of his wandering fingers. She choked with the thought that he might suffer before she reached him. She could not forget that he was a little, helpless thing that needed care; and, changed as she was, she searched as she had never searched for the soldier. She did not know that years passed while she was searching. She did not know that the child was no longer helpless and weak. At last she saw a beautiful, strong boy roaming through the forest, with a bow and arrows. The boy looked at her with the soldier's eyes, and a flashing light came into them. By a supreme effort she lifted herself erect, and his arrow pierced her heart. But, as the shrill agony of her parting life cried out, she caught the boy in her arms and felt the rapture of his sudden tears upon her face. At last she knew all that she was to know of life and death and love. The old look came back to her, as a stillness more perfect that that of the valley gave her peace.

"SHE DID NOT STRUGGLE."

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CAUGHT AGAIN.

"That was the famous Mrs. Heigho. Do you know how she made her name?"

"By her novels, I suppose."

"Oh, no. By marrying Mr. Heigho. Her maiden name was Smith."

EASY ENOUGH.

Client—You have saved my estate. How can I ever recompense you?

Lawyer—I am disposed to make it easy for you, with several payments, you know. I am willing to take the estate as the first payment.

JUST WHAT HE MEANT.

"Did you see Cashmore last night, spending money like a prince?"

"Like a prince? He squandered about 30 cents. Do you call that like a prince?"

"Yes; like a German prince, I meant."

A BAD BREAK.

Editor—Young man, you will never make a reporter. You say here that "the police arrested him."

New Reporter—That is quite correct.

Editor—No, sir, it is not. You should have said, "the police succeeded in effecting his arrest."

A REFLECTION.

Boarder—Mrs. Farmer, you ought not to have slain this spring chicken.

Mrs. F.—Why, indeed, sir, isn't it good?

Boarder—Well, it's had plenty of time to repent in; it ought to be good.

PERFECT BREEDING.

"I hope you behaved like a little lady while Mrs. Jones was trying to entertain you?"

"Yes, mamma. I put my hand over my mouth every time I yawned."

COULDN'T FOOL HER.

He—I wonder what stars those were?

She—Oh! I can tell you, Jack; I learned astronomy at school. One was Venus, and the other one was Adonis.

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QUITE A REASONABLE OBJECTION!

The Wooed—Be careful, Mr. Jones, someone might see you.

The Wooer—What care I? I am all yours. If you will not have me I shall go off to fight the Spaniards.

The Wooed—You had better get up at once, Mr. Jones. How could you ever meet the Spaniards with baggy trousers!

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Passenger (by London, Chatham, and Dover Railway express) — This train is nearly one hour behind time, is it not?

Guard—Yes. But that's all right. We'll get in in the usual time.

Passenger—What time is that?

Guard—Two hours late.

"I AM TICKLED TO DEATH TO SEE YOU, MR. BROWNLEY."

EVEN.

Hotel Clerk—This is a bad dollar, sir.

Guest—All right. I had a bad night.

HE KNEW.

"There is only one certainty in law," said the woeful one; "those who go to law for damages are bound to get them!"

"IT'S SO LONG SINCE I SAW YOU LAST."

"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SEEM A TRIFLE TIRED."

HOW BIG MISS BUXOM GREETED LITTLE MR. BROWNLEY—A THRILLING PICTORIAL NOVEL IN THREE CHAPTERS.

A FAMILY ARRANGEMENT.

First Small Girl—I mean to have divided skirts.

Second Small Girl—We have had them a long time ago. Ma always divided hers between Mary and me.

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BUFFALO BILL'S COMPANY OF CUBAN PATRIOTS, AS THEY APPEARED IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

This is a very good snapshot, when you take into consideration the fact that it was taken in Madison Square Garden just before an afternoon performance and on a day when the sun was not particularly bright. The roof of the garden is of glass, but it is exceedingly high and consequently not especially adapted to photography.

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A NEARER VIEW OF THE CUBAN SOLDIERS.

Some of these men have been wounded; two or three of them have lost their arms while fighting against the Spaniards. All of them have seen active service.

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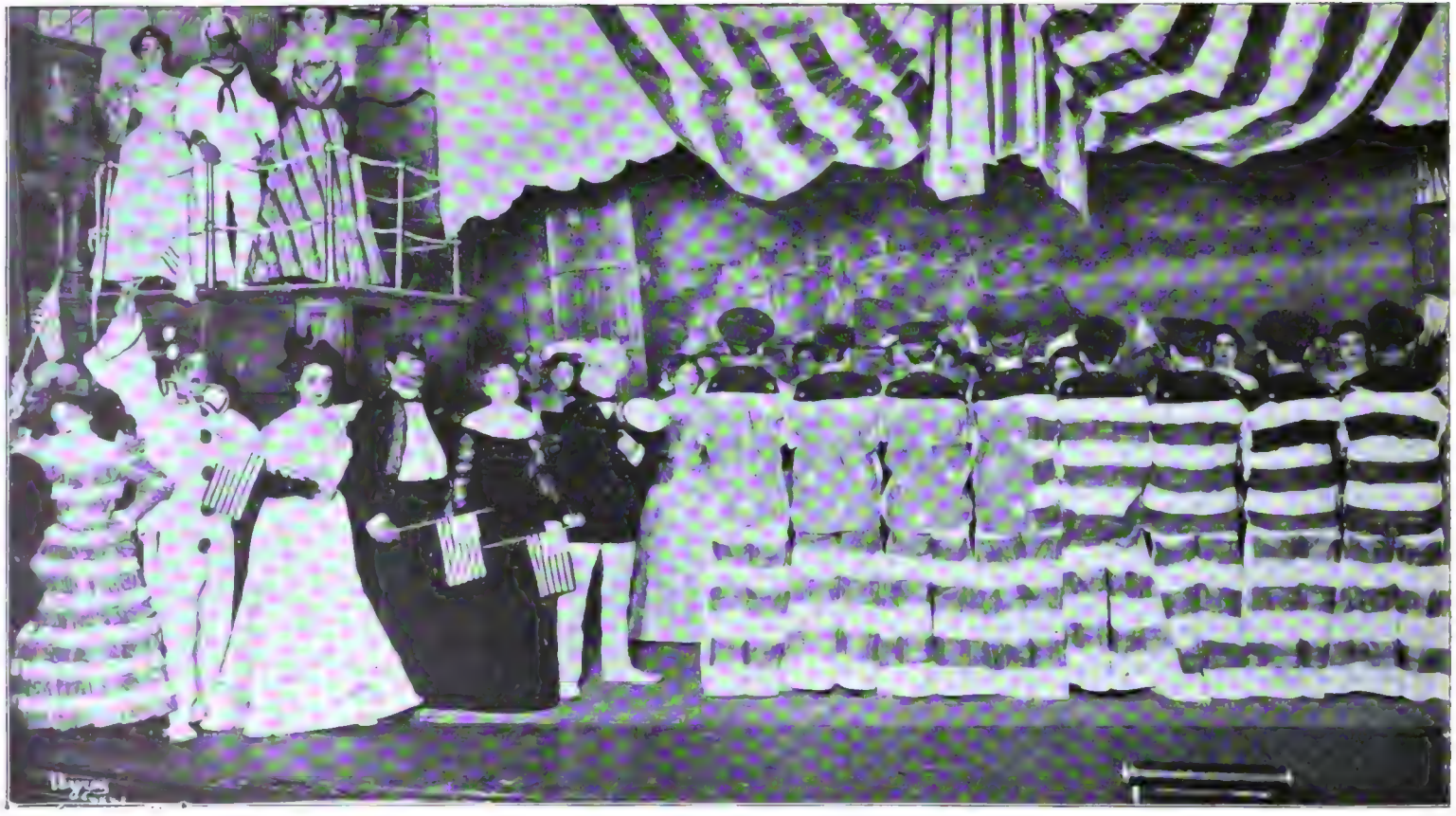

ONE OF THE THRILLING SCENES FROM "MONTE CARLO," AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE.

The scene is on the deck of a boat in the Mediterranean. At one stage of the proceedings a huge drop with the American flag draped on it is shown. The sailors sing an inspiring American song in which the entire company joins, and the audience applauds.

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Photo by Chickering.

ANOTHER SMART PICTURE OF MERRI OSBORNE.

Miss Osborne is shown here in a pretty pose, taken by the well-known Boston photographer, and she certainly looks anything but displeased with the world in general.

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Johnson—Scribbler has a great future before him.

Jackson—You believe in the immortality of the soul then?

EMBARRASSING.

Mr. Simper (to child of the house)—Come and kiss me, Dolly.

Dolly—(bashfully)—*You* do it, mamma.

JUST A SNAP SHOT AT MR. JENKINS DURING HIS RECENT TRIP TO EUROPE.

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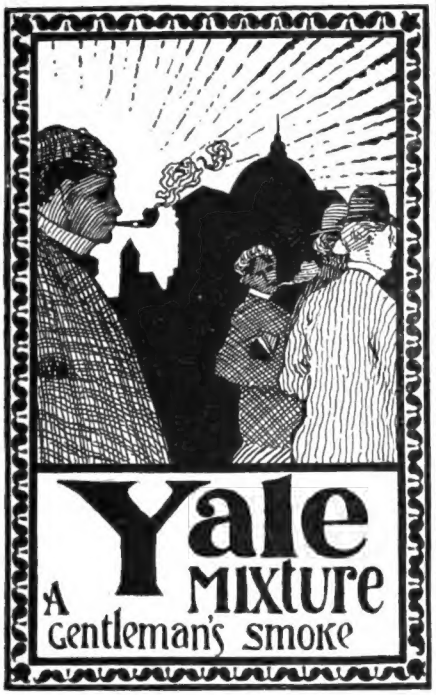

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